

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Sign Of The Times"

(feat. Cetan Wanbli, Lockjaw Nakai, Cornel West)

Imagine the word of god without religious groupies  
Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hoopty  
Persecuted a single mother in a modern manger  
You crucify him again like a fucking stranger  
Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies  
Imagine being locked up since juvi  
Imagine changing your life and still going out like tookie  
Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me  
Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life like the kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite  
For most of the world that's what it's like  
Imagine if the woman your suppose to love for the rest of your life is set to marry someone else at the end of the  
night  
They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind and fight the hardest when you start from  
behind  
So I dreamed the impossible all the time  
Fuck a masonic design America's future is mine repeat that to yourself cause if cultures a crime the numbers  
tatted on your arm aren't too far behind  
It can only conquer you after they murdered your mind  
So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times  
I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine  
Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime and  
Fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet who predicated European supremacist logic  
Because the pilgrims and conquistadors columns killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin (Yes)  
I guess the fortune teller skipped an Antichrist or two  
Brother give this to the OG's doing life with you and  
Pray for the problems with the popes psychology so the Vatican will offer an apology, (for what?!)  
for destroying the peoples liberation theology  
Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty  
Business decisions like keeping people in prisons but had the opposite effect incarcerating religion  
That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous is obvious if you read the Northwood documents  
Forget the compliments for what I recorded  
And live the revolution instead of always dying for it  
Remember a bullet can never stop me  
My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie watch me  
Even if I'm shot in the shakra I will prosper  
Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter  
Tellin the Persians there comes the rasta  
And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura Mazda  
Fish out the Philistine dagon from the shores of Gaza  
And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza  
This is a message to the older gods I'll sacrifice you all to the revolution like the Romanovs  
Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel  
The blood clot system try to kill me like sickle cell  
But I survived and alive to fight another day cocooned in a coma  
I can still hear my mother pray

Sister crying out to god please let my brother stay  
Walking towards the light but somethings pulling me the other way

Thanks to Joey for correcting these lyrics.